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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY JOSHUA T. RUSSELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

THE THROAT DISTEMPER!!

In one of the chief inland towns of Maryland, the brethren of the methodist denomination had been accustomed to hold assemblies for prayer, and to seek for mutual improvement by praying in rotation. One of the number, on a certain occasion, had been trafficking in slaves. He was called on to pray; but, after hesitating, and stammering out something in the form of apology, he was declining, when one of the members called out:—"I know brother, what is the reason you cannot pray—you have got a nigger in your throat."

Sir, I have long thought there was a strange swelling in the supplicatory organs of many professors of religion. If this Nathan-like remark of the methodist member may be depended on, a solution of the difficulty is furnished; and we may congratulate ourselves on an accession to the stock of our physiological knowledge: Videlicet—Whenever a man sells and buys flesh and blood, shaped like himself, and every way human, except the colour of the *epidermis*, the general effect is, a glaciation in the region of the heart, a prevailing raucity of accentuation, and such a tumefaction of the cronchial system, that it is with great difficulty the patient can utter a few words in the language of prayer. Indeed, it is not often he makes the *attempt*; as a consciousness of the nature of his complaint leads him to anticipate failure. It may be further remarked, that the disease communicates by sympathy with the *head*, and particularly the *eyes*; so that the sufferer cannot discern objects at a distance, especially pleasing, elevating objects, and such as tend to ennoble the soul. They discern distinctly, and somewhat fearfully "the wrath to come," but may be pronounced, blind as to whatever is within the "pearly gates" of that "city, whose builder and maker is God." Now, as the motives for prayer are very much derived from glances, occasionally obtained of this city, whose "streets are of pure gold, like unto transparent glass;" whose pavement is of gems, and its base of living sapphires; and whose inhabitants are clothed in the splendours of the meridian sun, the incapacity or disuse of prayer naturally follows from the original cause stated above. Reasoning philosophically we commonly say, if all the phenomena correspond with the hypothesis, the truth of the hypothesis may be affirmed.

Sir, I will not pretend to judge how many prayers are hindered in the way explained above—how many christians, to repeat the homely, but cutting phrase of the member, *have negroes in their throat*; but this I affirm:—There is a most ungodly trade now carried on, of tearing to pieces negro families, and scattering them to the winds. “SHALL I NOT VISIT FOR THESE THINGS, SAITH THE LORD?”

With reverence I desire to speak, but the Great God in Heaven never made a more sacred statute, than that generally, families should grow up together undisturbed.

Second to one, it is the oldest law of creation.—“A man shall leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be on flesh.” This law was fixed in Paradise, and given to our great progenitors, when they were but two, and in them, therefore, to all mankind.

Jesus, the great Commentator, and Restorer of his own law, has authoritatively pronounced, “what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.” Except for one single species of fault, the violation of marriage faith, no man, nor body of men, may lawfully rend asunder the marriage ties. Marriage is the ordinance of God, and he, who in the face of this warning, takes the husband from the wife, except for the sin just mentioned, challenges the vengeance of the Judge of quick and dead; challenges the majesty of his throne, the weight of his arm, and the terrors of *unquenchable fire*.

Not less enormous is the guilt of stripping the parents of their tender offspring, and for gold, selling either the parents or the children into perpetual banishment from one another.

Auri sacra fames! Quid non mortalia pectora cogis?

I said, not less enormous, for the whole strain of scriptural instructions corroborates and sanctions what nature ever demands—The child shall be nursed at the bosom of her, who gave it birth; shall grow up under the parental eye, and love, and care of those, who brought it into being. How can children, as the apostle commands, “obey their parents in the Lord,” when those parents are hundreds of miles distant, never to return, never to behold again these *fragments of their existence*? How can parents “train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” when they are sold, and driven—not like beasts, for they must be chained—driven to premature death, destitute, dejected, and worn down in a foreign and unwholesome region, where no whisper of their fate will ever reach the children, whom (O believe, nature has a voice in them too) whom they could have loved, and whom, with proper encouragement, they might have trained up for God.

Nature and inspiration, therefore, the unambiguous voice of God, thunder in the ear of the dealer in human flesh—Hold! infatuated, cruel man! What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. The husband; the wife you are about to banish from each other forever, have the feelings of nature as well as you. They

have not the eloquence of colleges and halls, that you have denied them: but have they not the eloquence of nature? What is that swelling bosom—that frenzied look—those bursting tears—that thrilling cry? I see the mother torn from her husband's side, and from the tender babes, that were her only, *only* treasure upon earth. I see her cast a wild, desperate gaze on the vanishing spot, where they must, but she must never dwell. Her soul is left behind in the scene of pleasures past, and never to be repeated. It is gone, and with the sickness of the soul, she is hurried, she knows not whither*****Darkness enwraps her—her thoughts revolve the horrid purpose—Reason has fallen from her throne—black Despair urges the deed—the waking eye of day surveys, the victim cold and inanimate—the spirit has fled. Who is the murderer?

Why are these eyes, these ears murdered with the recurrence of violence like this—the forcible disruption of the tenderest ties? What cries are those? Another victim; A mother? No; but *near* that hour, which claims all the compassion of him, who wears the name of man. Russian, unbind her! Hear the voice of nature and of nature's God! "He shall have judgment without mercy, who shewed no mercy."—It is in vain. Heaven and earth, religion and nature may urge, may implore—it is in vain.

It was the mother of many children, who rehearsed the terrors of a disturbed dream. Child after child had been torn from her bosom and sold into hopeless banishment. The visions of sleep had renewed her sorrows: they had come to take the remaining darling children, for whom she daily toiled, and whom she honestly maintained. But she was a slave.—Merciful God! and was she not a mother? But gold demands the victim—her only solace must be torn from her arms.—It was no fiction—the tears rolled down her honest cheeks, as she told the tale of her imaginary sorrows: imaginary, but they had a sting—they *might be realized*.

My country! Is it America, that holds hundreds of thousands of our fellow creatures under the harrow of such apprehensions as these?

Tell me not that multitudes are destitute of natural affection, and care not for dispersion. Prove the assertion. Or grant it, slavery and corruption has made them so. O torment us not before the time. Heap not up the guilt of the nation. Their incapacity for domestick life as families, if it exist, is our sin, our wide spread, indelible, I fear, indelible sin.

Still there's the smell of blood;

Arabia's perfumes will not wash it out.

And can we do these things and *pray*?

A. B.

Montgomery, Sept. 29, 1817.

An Auxiliary Missionary Society was formed in Bethelsdorp, Africa, about three years since, and four hundred and fifty subscribers were immediately obtained. The money subscribed amounted to nine hundred and thirty eight rix dollars.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

[We copy the following highly interesting Speeches, delivered at the late celebration of the *Thirteenth Anniversary* of the above Institution, from the *Christian Herald*. They have just been received, by the editor of that paper, from his correspondent at Liverpool, and may be relied on as authentic copies. We can give but two of these excellent speeches in the present number, but shall endeavour to publish the remainder in our subsequent numbers.]

What can be more glorious, what more encouraging to the humble child of God, than to hear of the persevering exertions, and read the animating and evangelical addresses of persons sustaining the first rank, and holding the most important offices of Church and State, in the British Dominions. To see great men and nobles, rich men and poor, Church-men and Dissenters, persons of almost every denomination, religious and political, assembled together in one common, and vast assembly, to promote one great and common object; to hear, and publish to an anxious, waiting world, the wonderful success of the *Bible*! the triumphs of Immanuel's Cross; To see all this, I say, is to witness a spectacle, *predicted* thousand of years since by the Prophets of the Most High; *prayed* for by the Church Militant during eighteen hundred years—a spectacle which should cause to re-echo through the world, the same notes of praise which were chanted when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy! or when the angelic hosts descending from the third Heaven proclaimed, “Glory to God the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.”

Lift up your head and rejoice, O daughter of Zion; “Arise, shine; for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord hath arisen upon thee.”—ED.]

W. Wilberforce, Esq. Vice-President, in moving the adoption of the Report, (after apologizing for bodily indisposition) said,

“My Lord,—I should, I confess, be sorry not to express, however imperfectly, the delight with which I have listened to the recital we have just been hearing, and with which I propose that the Report be adopted and printed, under the direction of the Committee.

“ We are called on, my Lord, to offer up our humble acknowledgments to the Almighty; and while we offer our cordial thanksgivings to Him, to pour forth, at the same time, our congratulations to each other, that we are rendered the honoured instruments of diffusing throughout the world such a tide of light and happiness.

“ The glories of our Society, which we are now celebrating, are glories which will last for ever. And it is delightful to observe, that their merit is duly appreciated in other countries. I find, by one passage in the Report, that in Switzerland there are many who have entered on the same course, and are following in the path in which we have gone before them. This will be peculiarly gratifying to those who like myself, feel a more than ordinary measure of cordial attachment to that land of liberty. Germany also in which the great religious Reformation first had its rise, is prosecuting the good work of circulating the Holy Scriptures with more than common ardour. Germany is imitating our example, and emulating us with a rivalry which knows nothing of base or vulgar competition. The blessed flame, which we have thus happily kindled on the Continent, we see infusing life and action throughout the immense mass of the Russian Empire, and awakening Siberia herself into motion, and communicating to it a kindly warmth.

“ My Lord, I must not attempt, for I am unable, to express the feelings which animate me; but I cannot sit down, without stating for myself, and it is a feeling in which I doubt not every one else will participate, that I propose the printing of this Report with the more pleasure, from the kind manner in which it mentions our dear and excellent friend, whose absence we so much regret; I mean the Rev. Mr. Owen. In that afflicting dispensation, which has prevented him from having the gratification of continuing to labour in our cause, we must, at the same time, recognize the mercy of Providence, which did not lay him by till he had gone through an almost unequalled amount of labour and service. He laid the foundation; he was permitted to see the superstructure rise to heaven itself; and still more, he was enabled to complete the History of our achievements, in a work which, though laborious, could not, even to the compiler himself, be without gratification. For it is always gratifying to trace any great work from its outset to its consummation; to trace its original progress to see the obstacle it has overcome: and this work of our friend's will hereafter, I doubt not, be justly accounted through succeeding ages an imperishable record of one of the most extraordinary dispensation of Providence, which ever was vouchsafed to enlighten and to bless the world.

“ Under this impression, it is with delight I see the Report pay this tribute of affection and gratitude to a man to whom we owe so much; that when he is no longer able to come to us, we go, as it were, to him, into our sick friend's chamber, and there endeavour to pour the strains of gratitude and consolation into his ear, when that tongue, which has so often delighted us, is silent.

Thanks to the President were moved by the Bishop of Gloucester, Vice-President, and seconded by Sir T. D. Ackland, Bart.

The BISHOP of GLOUCESTER:

“My Lords and Gentlemen,

“The modesty of my Noble Friend forbids me to dwell upon those particular features of his character, which this resolution recalls especially to our minds; but, I cannot forbear expressing the particular pleasure with which I pay my humble tribute of respect to those publick merits, which I know to be so consistently associated with eminent private virtues. But, my Lords and Gentlemen, this very connexion between publick services and individual character, leads me to a train of thought, in which, with your permission, I will for a few moments indulge.

“I gladly leave to those who are far better qualified the delightful task of expatiating upon the various interesting particulars which our Report, the annals of the year, has presented to our contemplation, and must content myself with venturing to press earnestly upon the attention of this highly respectable assembly my view of the feelings which such a Report should excite.

“The first feeling should surely be, that of joy and gratitude to the Giver of so good a gift;—to Him, who, in the midst of such unexampled difficulty and universal distress, has still maintained the spirit of our friends, and drawn forth even, as it were, out of deep poverty abundant liberality.

“In the second place, we may justly expect, that a determination to persevere in patient hope, will arise from the consideration of this Report. Have difficulties arisen? Has opposition increased in any part of our sphere of operations? Have our funds in any instance appeared to lessen, and to be directed to other channels? Surely, we shall derive from these little checks the right lesson of humility, and only become the more anxious to pursue our work in a Christian spirit, and to compensate for any failures by more strenuous efforts, and, if possible, by greater sacrifices. In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

“With this determination to persevere must surely be associated the firm principle of faith and implicit dependence upon the God of the Bible. Have all our astonishing successes been in vain? Is it nothing, that Bigotry in one part of Christendom, and superstition in another; is it nothing, that Mahometan pride and Pagan idolatry have begun in various quarters to give way? Has not the hand of God been almost visibly with us for good, and his presence among us of a truth? Has the sun of Righteousness shone so long with uninterrupted splendour, and shall a little cloud make us doubt his continued favour for a moment? Shall we not rather cast ourselves still more simply and unreservedly upon his long experienced protection, and be assured that the cause of his word will find in him a rock which shall never be shaken---the rock of ages, against which all the force or the devices of the powers of darkness shall never prevail?

“But, lastly, though I am conscious that I tread here upon tender and delicate ground, I desire to press home, as upon my

own heart, so upon that of every individual in this vast assembly the following considerations: This blessed work of spreading far and wide the scriptures of salvation engages our admiration, our affections and exertions. Is this word thoroughly known, and duly prized, as dear and precious to our own selves? Have we made a right and profitable use of this treasure, so long in our possession? Are we in the daily habit of devoutly studying and applying to our own cases a portion of Holy Writ? Have we sought with earnest prayer to derive the genuine saving doctrines from it? Are we living in any measure conformably to its standard?

"Are our spirit and temper such as are inculcated by the word of God, the wisdom which is from above: pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits; without partiality, and without hypocrisy?"

"I venture to suggest these questions for a special reason, connected with the success of our Society.

"The infidel, the careless, and the wordly minded, are apt to measure the value of our cause, and their own obligation to contribute to it, by the effects which this professed regard to the Bible has upon the life and conversation of its adherents. Let there be a prevailing consistency in our character and conduct. Let the instruments appear (humble speaking) in some little measure worthy of the work; and all may be led to appreciate, to admire, and to support a cause, so obviously productive of the best and happiest results.

"You will I trust, my Lords and Gentlemen, excuse these observations, which, however perhaps in some degree unusual, do not surely infringe upon our excellent principle, of abstaining from the introduction of *peculiar* sentiments of religion; and believe, that they are prompted by an ardent attachment to the Bible cause, and an earnest desire, that it may be all fair within, as it is assuredly all glorious without."

Extract from the twenty second Report of the London Missionary Society, May, 1816.

[Having been unable, until this late period, to procure the last year's report of the London Missionary Society, we have never yet given any connected view of the exertions and success of that society. We are now under obligation to a respected friend in this city, for favouring us with this report, from which we shall make occasional extracts as our limits will admit. We commence with the accounts given of South Africa, presuming that all religious intelligence must be interesting, from that land of "thick darkness," where for several centuries past not one kindly ray from the Sun of Science, or one feeble glimpse from the Star of Bethlehem, has fallen to interrupt the gloom; and to expose the hedious forms of ignorance, superstition, and vice. And where, but for the immortal Van der Kemp, and his apostolick successors; the powers of hell had still reigned universal and triumphant. But there, even in that dismal vale of political degradation, and spiritual death, the trumpet of the gospel sounds. The standard of Immanuel's

cross is now erected on her arid plains, and under its sacred banners many a sable son of Africa now manfully contends for the "faith once delivered to the saints." Does any one doubt whether Africans are capable of receiving instruction, and of cultivating the arts, and partaking the enjoyments of civilized life; let him read and consider attentively the following accounts of the success of the gospel, and the progress of civilization already exhibited among the miserable Hottentots of South Africa: and, if he still have doubts, let him, in imagination, trace with me those lonely deserts of the wilderness, where the wandering, wretched Bushman seeks a short repose; and witness there a savage group of the most despised African Tribes, considered but little superior to the unthinking beasts, assembled to hear, from the mouth of one, we should suppose almost incapable of *speech*, of the richness and freeness of Salvation by Jesus Christ. Let him read the following speech of a converted Bushman, as it is related by the Rev. Mr. Read, a missionary in Africa; and methinks all doubts will be banished, and he will be compelled to exclaim, as did the astonished Jewish converts to Peter, "Then hath God also to the *Gentiles* granted repentance unto life."

"Think", said the Bushman, to his listening brethren, "what we *were*, and what we *now are*, since God has sent his servants to show us the way of salvation. Have not I, a Bushman, found grace. Was not I taken from the muzzle of the gun, and made an heir of eternal life? Was it ever known that a Hottentot had a waggon? No. Now I have a waggon, and 20 oxen. We knew not God, much less his son. We never enquired after him, but He sought us and made us his children (and then he wept);—yes out of the holes of the mountains. There are many who do not like to be called Bushmen—I am not ashamed to say that I am one. God has had mercy upon me, and why should he not have mercy upon you? What are Bushmen but dogs to the Caffres, boors, and Oorlam Hottentots! Take an example from what Jesus has done for me, and why should he not help you? Arise and go to him (and here he wept again)—I wish I had this day an opportunity of telling all the Caffres, Hottentots and Bushmen, what God has done for me a Bushman."

Since, then God has thus put understanding into the heart of one poor Bushman, and perfected praise out of the mouth of this babe in knowledge, by means of missionary labours, let all, who learn these glad tidings, give "glory to God in the highest;" and while they read of the many wonders God is now working in miserable Africa, let a tear of humble gratitude suffuse the glowing cheek, and with renewed faith and perseverance let prayers ascend on high, and unremitting exertions be made; that all the sons of Ham may speedily hear and embrace the "Gospel of the grace of God," and that the latter day of glory may be ushered in when Christ shall have the "heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession."—ED.]

SOUTH AFRICA.

The Directors will next proceed briefly to report the substance of that ample and delightful information which they have received from the numerous stations occupied by our missionaries in South Africa. But they cannot enter upon this, without expressing their gratitude to the God of all grace, for the wonderful pouring out of his Spirit in that country, and making many who were deemed "the offscouring of all things," and scarcely ranked among human beings, "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

I. STATIONS WITHIN THE COLONY OF THE CAPE.

It may be proper, in the first place, to mention CAPE TOWN, though not strictly a missionary station, as it is the port at which all our African missionaries disembark, and where they generally remain for a time, in order to procure the articles necessary for their accommodation in the interior.

Mr. Thom, who left England with Mr. Campbell in 1812, with the intention of proceeding to India, was induced, by a variety of occurrences, to continue for a season at the Cape; where, finding his labours among the British soldiery and others very acceptable and useful, he has ever since continued. He has been highly serviceable to our missionaries for the East, who have touched there; as well as to the African missionaries: and having acquired the Dutch language, he has been useful in various parts of the colony which he has occasionally visited, and to the slaves and others in Cape Town. But as a permanent residence at the Cape was not the original intention of his mission, and as he has signified his readiness to proceed to any part of the East, the Directors have written to him, expressing their wish that he should remove to Ceylon, where there is ample scope for the most active exercise of his useful talents.

STELLENBOSCH,

(TWENTY-SIX MILES NORTH-EAST FROM CAPE TOWN.)

At Stellenbosch, Mr. Bakker continues to preach to the slaves and Hottentots, for whose accommodation a larger place has lately been erected. He is well attended, and many have reason to be thankful for his labours.

An Auxiliary Society has been formed here, by whose liberality Mr. Bakker is wholly supported, and the overplus of the subscriptions, amounting to four-hundred rix-dollars (about eighty pounds) is devoted to the further extension of the Gospel by our Society.*

The slaves also, on hearing a part of our Report for the year 1814, determined to devote their mite to the Missionary treasury, and have already contributed about 60 rix-dollars.

Mr. Kramer also preaches to the Hottentots and slaves, residing among the Boors in the extensive drosdy (or district) of Tulbagh, and we believe is useful among them.

* A gentleman in Africa has lately bequeathed the sum of 10,000 florins to the Stellenbosch Society, the interest of which is to be applied by them to missionary purposes.

RODEZAND, IN TULBAGH,

(FORTY MILES NORTH OF THE CAPE.)

Mr. Ariel Vos preaches regularly to the Hottentots and slaves. Mr. De Lang, Secretary of the Society there, says, "We cannot help expressing our joy on account of the great increase of the heathen who attend the preaching of the gospel in this place. This circumstance redoubles the efforts of our brother Vos, whose labour, through the grace of God, is not in vain; as the fruits thereof are already reaped, by which we are encouraged to proceed joyfully in the work of the Lord.

It is the wish of the people to be formed into a church, and that Mr. Vos should be ordained their pastor.

CALEDON,

(ABOUT 120 MILES EAST OF CAPE TOWN.)

Mr. Seidenfaden, and Mr. Wimmer are joint labourers at this place, to which about 400 Hottentots are attached. We rejoice to hear that the affairs of this settlement are in a prosperous state. Twenty adults have been baptized in the course of the past year, and twenty more are candidates for that ordinance. Mr. Wimmer assured Mr. Read that he never saw the work flourish so much, even at Bethelsdorp. It was formerly the wish of Mr. Wimmer to return to Bethelsdorp, and Mr. Read sent a waggon to convey him thither; but so strong was the attachment of the people to his ministry, that they would not suffer him to depart, unless they also might go with him.

At the recommendation of government, the British system of education has been introduced here, and a school-room has been erected. There are about fifty children in the school, many of whom can read the Bible, and have learned many hymns, which they sing in every evening service. Some of the people have begun to build themselves brick houses. They are also erecting a cattle kraal of brick, 120 feet long and 60 wide. Thus we perceive that religion and civilization are advancing hand in hand.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

ACCOUNT OF THE HINDOOS.

Origin and History.

It is well known, that this singular people pretend to an antiquity of some millions of years; and trace their descent from the gods. But their fables are too ridiculous and contradictory, to receive any credit. They are probably of the Ammonian race, and descendants of Cush. Modern researches into the mythology of Indian strengthen the received opinion that Cush, or some of his progeny under his name, led the first colony, from the plains of Shinar, eastward, and settled Hindostan. This may have been before the general dispersion from the tower of Babel. There is no authentick history concerning the inhabitants of India, until the in-

vasion of Alexander; when it appears they were, in most respects, the same people they are now. After this, little is known concerning them, until the Mahommedan conquests. About the year 1000, the Turks first invaded Hindostan, and from that time, until the final establishment of the English power, in 1799, the history of this ill fated country, is written in characters of blood. By internal revolutions, and the successive, as well as cruel invasions of the Turks, Tartars, and Persians, to whom the Hindoos were subject for more than 600 years, and from some of whom they suffered every thing that avarice, tyranny, and bigotry could inflict, this pleasant portion of the globe presented little else, than one scene of carnage and bloodshed. Under the English, which is now the predominant power, the natives are at peace; and those within the British jurisdiction, which comprises about thirty millions, or one half the whole population, are generally secured in the exercise of their civil and religious rights.

Physical Character.—The stature of the Hindoo is generally somewhat below that of the European. In appearance, he is said to resemble our western Indian. The Natives in Bengal, who labour, and are exposed to the sun, are nearly black; while those, who, by their cast, have, for many generations, been preserved from all servile employments, are not more swarthy than the inhabitants of the south of France. Some of their females are fair.

As would be expected in so warm a climate, the Hindoos are deficient in bodily vigour. Their diet likewise tends to enervate them, as milk, with rice and vegetables, forms almost their whole food. Some tribes make use of fish, but few use flesh of any kind, as their religion forbids taking the life of animals. The dress of the poorer sort, consists of a strip of cotton a foot in width, and about two in length, one end of which is fastened by a string tied round the waist, while the other, passed under the body, and tucked through the string before, hangs down in form of an apron. Those in better circumstances wear a larger piece of cloth, swaddled on much like a child's cloth. The dress of females differ, in that the strip of cotton, is at one end wrapped round the waist, so as to hang down like a petticoat, while the other is thrown over the shoulders, crossing the right breast. This is all the Hindoo's dress in warm weather. In cold, he wraps an additional piece of cloth round the body. The women wear an abundance of rings in their ears and noses, and on their arms, fingers, and ancles.

Their houses are formed of different materials, according to the circumstances of the owner: sometimes of brick, especially in the English settlements, but generally of mud, straw, or mats, with bamboo posts. They usually consist of four buildings, fronting each other, and enclosing a vacant square. One of them is for the wife and female friends—a second, for servants and visitors—a third, for cooking—and the fourth is often a cow-house. These are all low, and with no windows, except narrow crevices. The floors are of earth, raised two or three feet, and smeared with cow dung; as are also the mud walls. This makes them hard and

smooth. The furniture is very trifling. All their cooking is done in course, unglazed, earthen ware; but they have frequently a small brass vessel for milk, water, or any other liquid. They have sometimes a metal dish to eat off; but generally only a plantain leaf, or a leaf of the water lily. Most have an earthen vessel for a lamp, and all a hooka or pipe for smoking. The Hindoos all smoke. Their farming utensils are very simple, and equally feeble. Wag-gons or carts are never used in husbandry. What manure they use, is carried on by men, in baskets attached to a kind of yoke, which they carry their shoulders. Almost every kind of labour is done at equal disadvantage. They have no shovels, spades, or hoes, but dig the ground with a kind of mattock. A Bengal plough is the most simple instrument imaginable; and is insufficient to break up the land without going over it a great number of times. Oxen are sometimes used for other purposes than ploughing—horses are rarely used at all. On the whole, agriculture is in a very imperfect state among the Hindoos.

(To be Continued.)

Extract from an address delivered by the Rev. Josiah Pratt, at the second annual meeting of the Bristol Church of England Missionary Association.

"With some remarks on the success with which it has pleased God to bless our endeavours, I shall conclude what I have to offer to the meeting.

When I hear even from one who is no great friend to some of the distinguished advocates of African freedom and melioration, that our settlements are effecting an important change on African children, as I have heard from the chief justice of Sierra Leone, I cannot despair of Africa. When I find African youths retiring into their chambers, and pouring out fervent thanksgivings to Almighty God for having sent christian teachers to their shores, I cannot despair of Africa. When, at last, the depressed and degraded native begins to appreciate the benevolent motives and the christian character of our missionaries, and we witness the erection of churches among them, and the preparation of elementary books and of the sacred scriptures in their tongues, I cannot despair of Africa. Many and great, indeed, are the difficulties which we have there to encounter. No mission is so peculiarly circumstanced. The dire effects of the slave trade are felt by us every day. Our settlements have been a prey to midnight flames, carried to them by the hands of ungrateful and wicked men; nor do we know what we may have still to endure before it may please God to awaken Africa to a full desire of the blessings offered to her.

Sir, we have been thought by some to undervalue, or needlessly to postpone, the direct annunciation of the gospel to Africa. We deny the charge. We desire all friends to the extension of the kingdom of our Lord to look into the history of our mission to that coast; and we are confident that they must witness, as we do, with admiration, servants of Christ, while compelled to become the

teachers of Susoo children in a tongue not vernacular to themselves, descending with quietness and patience to this laborious office, and waiting with patience the time when they should have opportunity to learn the native tongue, and when the natives should be made willing to believe their professions of kindness, and to allow them to deliver their message.

But, sir, while we and our African missionaries were waiting for this happy period, we have been made the instruments of the most remarkable triumph of the preaching of the cross in modern days. The labours of a distinguished Mahometan convert, Abdool Messee, under the society, have been blessed to the conversion of many of his countrymen. In less than twelve months, between forty and fifty persons, chiefly mahometans, have bowed their necks to the yoke of Christ. Proud musselmen are thus beginning to submit to the gospel. Various native converts are spreading themselves abroad; and by their labours, in connexion with the successful efforts of other christian bodies, a bright day seems about to break on the northern parts of India.

Time will not allow me to enlarge further on this subject. And I feel that I need not entreat most of those who are present to lend their aid. You have done this nobly; you do; you will. For "be not weary in well doing; in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

If there be, indeed, any here, who have not yet from the heart, and to the full extent of their means, assisted in this great cause, I pray God that they may from this moment put their hands to the plough. If you have felt yourselves the power of the divine word, and its unspeakable refreshings have distilled on your own souls, you will be anxious that all others may partake those blessing with you. The dying Buchanan, when reporting to a friend that he had anticipated much weariness and listlessness in reading over the proof-sheets of the Syrian Testament so often as he designed, burst into tears! His friend looked at him with surprise. "Ah!" said he, "I thought that five or six times re-perusal of the sacred page would be irksome, but I felt such a majesty and sweetness in the word, that the remembrance melts my soul!" May God grant to us all this sacred enjoyment, and a steady and determined zeal in communicating his word to others, until the world shall be brought, with us, to *know the true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent!*"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' MONITOR.

EXTRACT. VIII.—PRAYER.

Pray for your children. Go to your class, as a minister should to his pulpit, from your knees. Pray for wisdom to adapt your instructions to their understandings, and for a divine power to soften and impress their hearts. And if your work is interesting to you at a throne of grace, it will be interesting to you every where else.

If your concern for the souls of the children committed to your care pursue you to the closet, it cannot forsake you in the School; and the heart that has wrestled for them there, will endure with invincible patience, the rudeness, the dullness, the stupidity, the forgetfulness, the inattention, and, I had almost said, the insults, with which, in some instances, you must expect to meet, and which, if actuated by an inferior stimulus, would soon weary and disgust. Yours must be the charity, the love, that *suffers long and is kind, endureth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, and never fails*: but this is a charity whose streams can be replenished at no earthly fountain, but must be fed perpetually from the celestial source whence first they flowed. Pray not only *for* but *with* the children. Teach them to pray by your example. Such as exhibits signs of serious impression, peculiarly encourage, pray and converse with them in private: and by every method facilitate the progress of those who appear to be *inquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward*.

Such then is your work, and these are some of the qualifications it requires. Surely the consideration of its vast importance must stimulate your diligence, inflame your zeal. Oh! what a work is this, *Let him know that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death*. SAVE A SOUL! Who can estimate the value of a single soul, an immortal soul, a deathless being? By what standard will you calculate it? With what subjects will you compare it? Conceive of every atom in the composition of the universe, a gem. Could you make the calculation as many times as there are atoms, and tell us the mighty sum, it would fail, literally and truly it would fail to convey us any adequate idea of the value and importance of a single soul: for when all this wealth were expended in the pursuit of happiness, the spirit would be still in the down and infancy of its existence,—panting for a felicity it could not purchase. Will you then attempt the calculation and tell us the amount? Before you pronounce the mighty sum—pause. *Have you considered the duration of eternity?* If you have not, I adjure you ponder it ere you form your estimate of the work I now commend, and the souls for whom I plead. The abyss, at whose brink I shudder; the ocean, in whose immensity I am confounded; may be fathomed, are defined—but eternity!—What adventurer ever stretched his pinions abroad on that abyss, and returned to the shores of time with tidings of the opposite coast. 'Tis a gulf that has no bottom: an ocean whose billows ever roll and never find a strand. Myriads of ages, upon myriads of ages heaped up, till fancy fails, and numbers are exhausted, leave the boundless waste of duration unexplored. They have deducted not an atom from eternity! Yes, these, myriads of ages, that spirit whose worth you are to calculate must inherit, whilst each, as it rolls, adds to its capacity of happiness or wo, till its sense of felicity or pain is exquisite as the periods of its duration are eternal.

Before you form your estimate, *look up to heaven*. See the mighty preparation making there for its reception. What realms of bliss for the immortal spirit to explore and to possess. What

golden streets through which to walk; what palaces of pearl in which to dwell; what streams of celestial pleasure of which to drink; and with what crowns of costly gems to be adorned. Hark! 'tis the song of the redeemed, *To Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.—Amen.* Then they strike their golden harps, and pour the seraphic strains again.

Before you form your estimate, *look down into hell.* Look through its dungeons of despair, behold its magazines of wrath, and see its instruments of vengeance play. Single out a solitary victim, and listen to his agonized complaints—these chains for ever!—these fiends for ever!—this gnawing worm for ever!—this quenchless flame for ever!—and then he shrieks, whilst a thousand echoes, like a thousand demons starting from the caves, reply—**FOR EVER!**

But we will appeal to nobler principles than these. We will take you to Calvary. You shall learn to form your estimate of the value of the soul by the price paid for its redemption. You shall take your station by the cross, and fill your minds with the idea of the eternal Son of God expiring upon it. You shall count the drops that fall from him in Gethsemane and at Golgotha, and set a value upon each. Ah! you cannot do it. Set a value on the drops of Jesus' blood! The attempt were blasphemous! How precious then the soul for which those drops were shed. The salvation of that soul is your aim. It is the work of Jesus, well may it be your glory. Angels would be ambitious of it, could angels envy, for 'tis the delight of God. Such a work as this then must bear with it, its recompense; and that recompense must needs be great. *They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.*

—*—
FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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LINES,

Written in Richmond Church-Yard, Yorkshire, by the late HERBERT KNOWLES, of Canterbury.

"It is good for us to be here:—if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—Matt. xvi. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here:
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve, that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? oh, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For, see! they would fix him below
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey!

To Beauty? ah no! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before—
 Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
 For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
 The trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside—
 And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd
 But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud!

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain—
 Who hid, in their turns, have been hid—
 The treasures are squander'd again—
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
 But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford—
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
 Ah! here is a plentiful board!
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller here!

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
 Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above—
 Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied!

Unto Sorrow?—The dead cannot grieve—
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
 Which compassion itself could relieve!
 Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear—
 Peace, peace, is the watch-word, the only one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
 Ah, no! for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow!
 Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
 Are the signs of a sceptre, that none may disown!

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build!
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
 'The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd—
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
 Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose to the skies!

HERBERT.

Richmond, Oct. 7, 1816.

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